

CLARKSBURG, W. VA., FRIDAY, MAY 20, 1898.

### BROWN'S LAST RALLY.

When the tide of war rolls across a country it floats much poorer human floatsam and jetsam to the surface. Now there's old Brown. For years and years you must have seen him, a shabby old man with bent shoulders and a creaking gait, creeping along the streets and hugging the walls with that deprecating air that belongs to the habitually unsuccessful. He was never anything particular, you know. The episode of his life was the civil war. Up to that time he had been a young man who gave no particular promise. He had not been talented, or gifted in any way, and had not even been industrious. Not that he was lazy. He had only seemed to have an objection to being usefully employed. He had hunted and fished, and good naturedly helped anybody who wanted a job done, and didn't want to pay for it, but he never knew how to make money or keep it. Then the war came on. Everybody laughed when he enlisted, and predicted that he would desert after the first hard day's march, but he didn't. Instead of that fragmentary news drifted back now and then of Brown's heroism. It was Brown who rallied a panic-stricken company around the tattered flag; it was Brown who watched a wounded comrade up and bore him from under the very feet of the horses in a cavalry charge; it was Brown who nursed the wounded, and cheered the faint-hearted; it was always Brown who was in the thick of every dare-devil skirmish, and at last it was Brown who came tramping home, in a faded and torn uniform, no higher rank than when he enlisted, and without even the empty honor of a stripe on his sleeve for his brave deeds. That was like Brown. Nothing had ever been expected of him, and no one was surprised. Brown had been no body before the war, and he was no body after. He sunk at once back into the old attitude. He would not change to meet the times in which he felt himself an alien. He did a few stray jobs, for money now, to keep soul and body together, but he could not compete with the new energy and dash that perplexed him, even when he tried. The one real event of his life had been the war. Nothing else seemed to matter. By and by he became hopelessly a back number. People grew tired listening to his war stories, and he was ruthlessly shouldered to one side, and he drifted aimlessly along, growing older, sabbier, more bent as the years went by. Then came the prospect of war again. Old Brown threw up his head as an old, decrepit dog does when he hears the more the hunter's horn. He no longer slouched. He quickly looked as though he felt the fitness of a uniform about his shrunken old figure. War had come once more a vital interest, and the youngsters who had divided his stories of conflicts listened eagerly and hungrily to him. Old Brown was no longer outcast, but a hero. He got on the old musket that he had tried so bravely, and cleaned it up, and then one morning he stood up, shoulders back, a soldier every inch of him. You would not have known it for old Brown had you met him. Hours afterwards he crept stealthily home, again a shambling and pathetic figure. The next morning when the landlady knocked at the door of Brown's poor little room there was no answer. She tried the knob and went in. She had not been touched, but by a table sat Brown with his head resting on the old-fashioned musket. The old soldier had died under the god of battles. Men and medicines are judged by what they do. The great cures Hood's Sarsaparilla give it a name everywhere.

### Y. P. S. C. E. PROGRAM.

The Christian Endeavor Convention of the Clarksburg District will be held in the Baptist church, Thursday, May 26th, beginning at 10 o'clock a. m. It gives promise of being a most interesting and instructive meeting. Mr. Shaw the treasurer of the United Society, from Boston, will add much to the interest of the occasion. At the International Conventions, Mr. Shaw is heard by thousands and never fails to arouse interest and enthusiasm. The local Endeavorers have invited the Epworth League to join them in extending a cordial welcome to all visiting delegates. We give herewith the program:

THURSDAY—MORNING SESSION.  
10:00—"Quiet hour," Service of Prayer, "First Things for God." Luke 12:29-40.  
10:30.—Appointment of Committees, etc.  
10:40.—Address—"Ruts: How To Keep Out Of Them." Rev. C. L. Queen, Buckhannon.  
11:00.—Roll-Call of Societies. (Written Reports.)  
11:30.—Election of Officers.  
Recess.

AFTERNOON.  
2:00.—Devotional Service, "How to Keep the C. E. Pledge." Matt. 25:14-30. Rev. M. G. Stillman, Lost Creek.  
2:30.—"The Pledge." Miss Lizzie Currey, Volcano Junction.  
2:45.—Open Parliament, conducted by Mr. William Shaw, Boston, Mass., Treasurer of United Soc. of C. E.  
(a.) The Best Thing Your Society Is Doing.  
(b.) Your Greatest Difficulty.  
All Endeavorers should have a part in this conference.  
3:45.—Address—"Preparation for the Prayer-Meeting." Rev. Prescott C. White, Weston.  
'98 Conventions—Huntington and Nashville.  
Recess.

NIGHT SESSION.  
8:00.—Praise Service, led by H. G. Blatchley, Grafton. Psalm 150.  
8:30.—Address.—Mr. William Shaw, Boston.  
Closing Consecration Service.

State Convention, Huntington, June 22-24. Will you be there?  
Governor Atkinson has appointed S. K. Arbutnot to be chaplain of the First regiment of West Virginia Volunteers now forming at Camp Lee. Mr. Arbutnot is a young man but a preacher of considerable talent. He is a graduate of the Ohio Wesleyan University, and the Drew Theological Seminary. He is a member of the West Virginia Methodist conference.

### What Shall Be Done

FOR THE DELICATE GIRL  
You have tried iron and other tonics. But she keeps pale and thin. Her sallow complexion worries you. Perhaps she has a little hacking cough also. Her head aches; and she cannot study. Give her

### Scott's Emulsion

The oil will feed her wasting body; the glycerine will soothe her cough, and the hypophosphites will give new power and vigor to her nerves and brain. Never say you "cannot take cod-liver oil" until you have tried Scott's Emulsion. You will be obliged to change your opinion at once. Children especially become very fond of it; and infants do not know when it is added to their food.  
50c. and \$1.00; all druggists.  
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, New York.

### FIRST AND SECOND.

Young West Virginia Orators Win The Contest.

The inter-State oratorical contest at Waynesburg, Pa., was held last Wednesday evening and resulted in a second victory for West Virginia University. Chas. F. Holden, of this city, being the successful contestant, and the winner of the first place and the eighty dollar medal. Bethany, W. Va., came in second. Waynesburg got third place and Westminster took fourth.

There were to have been eight contestants, but only six of the colleges in the association complied with the requirements of the contest and consequently there were but six men in it. This is the second time that the University has won this contest.

The committee on decision was composed of Rev. Solomon Cobb, of Pittsburg, umpire, and W. S. Anderson, of Youngstown, and John W. Davis, of Clarksburg, Judges.

The six contestants and their subjects are:

Western University of Pennsylvania, W. E. Copeland, subject, "The Missionary as a Civilizer."  
Geneva, Normnn L. Euwer, subject, "Republican Influence of Calvin."  
West Virginia University, C. F. Holden, subject, "The Sentiment of Fraternity."

Bethany, H. Newton Miller, subject, "The Gem of the Antilles."  
Waynesburg, J. Bruce Rinehart, subject, "Equality of Opportunity."  
Westminster, James W. Scott, subject, "William the Silent."

**To Cure a Cold in One Day, take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets.** Cunniff Bros. & Co. Refund money if it fails to cure 25 cents. 11-6m.

### Failed To Pass An Examination.

CAMP LEE, KANAWHA CITY, W. VA., May 9, 1898.

This is to certify that John J. Bartlett, a volunteer in 'Co. D.' W. Va. vol. infantry, has failed in his physical examination and of course is debarred from enlistment in the U. S. army. Mr. Bartlett has shown his willingness in every particular to become a soldier for his country, and I regret his failure to pass examination, as his obedient and gentlemanly conduct while in my command is to be highly recommended.

Yours,  
H. R. SMITH,  
Capt. Com. Co. D. 1st. W. Va. Vol. Infantry.

### A Card of Thanks.

We desire to express our grateful thanks to our friends and most especially our near neighbors for the great kindness, attention and sympathy shown to us in the hour of our sad bereavement in the loss and death of our daughter, Belle Romine. Such kindness is seldom, if ever, fully realized or appreciated until brought home to one's self through such sorrow and affliction. May God forbid that such misfortune and gloom may ever shadow the pathway or mantle the house of those so kind, generous and attentive, in that hour of need.

JOHN ROMINE,  
ELIZABETH ROMINE,  
Davisson's Run, May, 19, 1898.

Col. Joseph McDermott, junior member of the oil operating firm of Courtney, Lowry & McDermott, and Miss Louise McLane, youngest daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Charles E. McLane, of Morgantown, were quietly married Thursday morning at the home of the bride by Rev. James Sherrin, of the Episcopal church, in the presence of a few intimate friends. Both of the parties are well known to social circles over the State, the groom being a member of Governor Atkinson's staff.—Ex.

### TO THE BOARDS

Of Education of The County of Harrison.

Gentlemen:—Observing the appliances offered in the public schools of Harrison county, and the use to which they are put, I am inclined to question the propriety of great investments by Boards in charts and like appliances.

Charts in Physiology, History, Grammar, Arithmetic and Geography may be of great advantage to classes pursuing these studies, or may be of no use, this depends largely upon the teacher and it is my observation that a great majority of our teachers are wholly unskilled in the use of this apparatus, and some make no pretense toward using it systematically, claiming in many instances, that they do not have time. Now the greatest merit, a piece of apparatus can have is that it saves time; if it lacks this it is in want of all merit.

To admit that charts and apparatus of this character have merit is not enough. Is it the best investment that can be made?

It is my purpose to call attention of the Boards to the true state of affairs and to suggest to them the propriety of purchasing small libraries for the public schools.

This is not a great undertaking, but great good may come from it. A library of twenty-five to fifty or seventy-five books may be purchased at a cost no greater than the price paid for many a piece of apparatus now in the schools, and it is my opinion, would serve a tenfold greater purpose than the same amount invested in apparatus and charts now in our schools.

It is only by the library that the boy's education may be continued through the summer, when he remains out of school. Take him to the library and permit him to make his own selections. He will make no mistakes choosing from a well selected library, and aside from the facts he may gather from such reading he will learn to use better English, he will learn history, geography, reading, and advance in every branch of learning taught in the public schools except, probably, arithmetic and writing.

I address this communication to you because I feel an interest in the public schools of the county, and the work they are doing and believe that a judicious investment in education always pays, and though it pay ten fold, we should use judgment and economy and invest where the greatest income is promised; for these reasons, then, I do not hesitate to say that an investment in books—a small, well selected library—would do more toward educating the masses, interesting the boys and girls, making better our teachers and creating a higher public sentiment in the interest of education than any other investment of like amount.

J. E. LAW,  
County Superintendent.

### Work Resumed.

"After repeated attacks of the grip I was so weak I could hardly drag myself about. I was nervous, had palpitation of the heart and food did not agree with me. I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla and after taking four bottles I resumed my work and now enjoy the best of health. Mrs. M. F. Murray, Stainback, North Carolina.

Hood's pills are easy to take, easy to operate. Cure indigestion headache.

It is said that a gang of counterfeiters is located somewhere in the State, and engaged in making counterfeit nickels, dimes, half dollars and dollars. Secret service men are on the hunt for them. Keep your eyes open for these counterfeit pieces. They are said to be easily detected.

### NOT VERY ANXIOUS

In West Virginia to Win Glory by Dodging Bullets.

CAMP LEE, May 16.—Since Company D, of Clarksburg, was mustered in the United States service only three company commanders of the West Virginia National Guards, selected to fight the Dons remain in the State service. Recruits have been coming to camp in squads of five and six each and by the greatest efforts possible Captain Smith and his Lieutenants, assisted by several other recruiting officers, succeeded in getting 81 of the required 84 maximum for his company ready to be mustered in, but when Captain Householder, of the Berkeley Spring Company, marched his men up, at the request of the Mustering Officer Settle to see if he had a sufficient number for admission, it was ascertained that his company was 20 short, and as neither Company K, from Ansted, nor L, from Parkersburg, had the required quota, the mustering officer was necessarily compelled to further postpone that branch of his work till to-morrow, when it is sincerely hoped that at least one more company will be ready for muster.

Captain Settle is apparently growing quite weary of the seemingly uncalled for muddle in which the manner of recruiting the volunteer regiment has all along been placed, or, in other words, the want of proper system in securing recruits and furnishing transportation to bring them here. In several instances, when designated recruiting officers throughout the State would report

### A SQUAD READY

And wire for transportation the matter would be delayed with the expectation that some of the heretofore overanxious would come in, but now this city and surrounding towns are being searched diligently for men to fill the regiment.

Captain Settle is urging the War Department to furnish promptly enough additional blankets to render the men more comfortable. But few of the new recruits have blankets or any other bedding, and the nights being somewhat chilly renders their condition anything but desirable.

A message from the War Department to Captain Settle stated that each battalion commander will be allowed an Adjutant, with the rank of Second Lieutenant. After the entire volunteer regiment

### IS MUSTERED IN.

The services of Brigade Quartermaster Gluck and Commissary Neal will not be further required in camp, and many will be the sincere regrets upon the part of the National Guard officers and men at seeing these two competent and ever courteous officers left at home. The privates belonging to the National Guard are clamoring for their \$1 a day each since April 27, as many of them are out of money, but the State authorities say they are hurrying up the pay rolls as rapidly as possible.

Robt. Cox, one of the men wounded on the Winslow, is a native of this city, having joined the United States Navy when about 18 years old. He is now 24. His parents moved from here to Altoona, Pa., shortly after he entered the naval service. He had served his time and was home when the call for the war vessels was made, and he returned for duty.

Those who want to take out shares of Building Association stock should remember that they can commence any time with the Home Builder's Building and Loan Association. You don't have to wait for the end of a series or year, but the books are always open at D. K. Reed & Co's Store. 21st.

### A SONG TO CHEER.

It is a curious fact that when the soul thrills with any great emotion, the ordinary modes of expression seem at once to become poor and inadequate. We can deal with the common affairs of every day life with common phrases; but when we confront something greater and higher than ourselves, the heart must sheath a voiceless thought that tremble on dumb lips for utterance. It is then that we have need of music as our interpreter, to say the thing that is too big for our speech. The patriotism of the world has flowered in the great battle hymns that are what the meanest and the greatest soul alike feel when there comes the roll of drum, and the blare of bugle, and the long, locked ranks go out to die for their country. What the tongue cannot confess of homesick longing the heart sobs out in some simple ballad that runs about the camp fires in the dusk. So it is that war is garlanded with music and whether it is in the dull monotony of camp life when the soldier thinks of those he may never see again, or when he marches into battle, his cry is, "give us a song to cheer us." He does not always sing in battle the stately songs that are called national airs, but oftentimes something simpler and closer to him. It is said that once, before a great battle, the British soldiers' thoughts were not of glorious victories or feats of arms but that they nerved themselves for the conflict of the morrow with the face they loved best on earth, and each heart recalled a different name, but all sang "Annie Laurie." A writer in the *Scottish American* says that the English soldier is not given to singing "God Save the Queen," nor "Rule Britannia," when he fights, but that "The British Grenadier" was yelled out from a thousand throats when the great regiment rushed at the foe on the plains of Waterloo and the Crimea. One of Tommy Atkins' favorite songs is the "The Girl I Left Behind Me," and it has been whistled and sung times without number when the fight was fiercest and it was glory or the grave. At the storming of Lucknow in the Indian mutiny, when the Highlanders charged the frantic savages, it was "The Campbells are Coming" that the men sang to the skill of the bagpipes. The German army, too, does not sing their "Hymn to the Kaiser." It is the "Watch on the Rhine" that sets the phlegmatic German pulse to a quicker measure, and that was what the soldiers sang at Sedan. During the present war with Spain renewed attention has been called to the facts that we have no grand and worthy national battle hymn. The poets and the musicians have been working overtime trying to supply the deficit, but so far nothing has been produced that is worthy of notice. We are still lamentably unprovided with anthems and national airs. True, the "Star Spangled Banner" still waves, "Hail Columbia" is as good as ever and "Yankee Doodle" and "Dixie" still seem somehow to linger around the folds of the red, white and blue. These are airs that have cheered men to battle before now, and on a pinch they will do to use again. All of these airs, to Americans at least, should be sacred with as-sociation, but it is dollars to doughnuts that when our army storms Havana it's "There'll be Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight" they will be singing, and if the Spaniards want to do the correct musical turn they had better be tuning their light guitars to "Oh, Mr. Johnson, Turn Me Loose."

Undertaking a speciality at the large furniture establishment of Deison & Krentzer. Their caskets, like their funeral cars, are the finest. 52